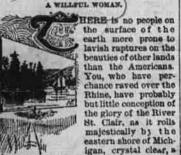
LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY, AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALL AMONG THIEVES" "MY LAUY FANTAS-TICAL," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER L.



igan, crystal clear, a mile wide, two hundred feet deep — a very two hand.

At a band at the castern shore of Michigan, crystal clear, a mile wide, two hundred feet deep — a very two hand.

At a band at the castern shore of Michigan, crystal clear, a mile wide with the castern shore of Michigan, a crystal clear, a crystal clear

the two lakes it connects, stands a substan-tial farm-house surrounded by neat outbuild-ings and blossoming orchards. It is from the latter feature that it inherits its name the Orchard House.

And in that pretty dwelling lives a family

And in that pretty dwelling lives a family which has a history.

When you look at the little summer-house in the garden, which was evidently once the pilot-house of a steamer, and see the tall, tapering mast with the stars and stripes floating in the breeze, you are prepared to be told that it is the home of a sailor.

A very old, weather-beaten hulk is Daniel Winthrop now, but in the year when my story opens, nearly three decades ago, he was a hale, well-preserved man of sixty, whose

, well-preserved man of sixty, whose y hair was the only external premoni-

tion of advancing age.

When the glad spring sun of 1881 was tinting the surface of his beloved river with every hue of the rainbow, who had a greater right to say: "The Lord has prospered me and my cup is full of joy," than Daniel Winthroof. throp!
For thirty years he had sailed the lakes as

captain of his own ships. Before "the pes-ky railroads," as he expressed it, had "dropped the bottom out of freights," he had made money "hand over fist," and while yet enjoying the vigor of man-hood, had settled down to retirement hood, had settled down to returning in a sailor's Elysium—a well-stocked farm-house, where he could sit on his own stoop and watch the vessels glide by and the ever-changing beauty of the lordly river. But he had bigger treasures than bank stocks, broad acres and shares in ships—the wife. Marthu who was the sweetest. stocas, broad acres and shares in sinjents, his wife, Martha, who was the sweetest, simplest helpmate that ever made sunshine in a man's home; his daughter, Nell, just twenty years old, whom he had done his best to send her whose gradie nature had st to spoil, but whose gentle nature had sen proof against every indulgence; and his son, Harry, four years older than his darling daughter, who had never given him an hour's anxiety, but had been stu-diously inclined, had taken a fair degree at college, and was now occupying a well-paid position as teacher in the public schools of a distant city.

Moreover, during that winter his home

Moreover, during that winter his home had been brightened by the visit of a radiant girl, Kate Frobisham, the daughter of a distant relative of his wife, who had married a Southern gentleman living in the Shenardosah valley, and the old sailor had learned to love the beautiful young Virginian maiden, who became especially dear to him when he learned that she had promised to become his son's wife. become his son's wife.

But lightning came out of a clear sky and

struck the Winthrop homestead—as it did the whole fair land, which had for years been basking in the sunshine of prosperity. Fort Sumter had surrendered, and the An American of Americans, coming of an old Puritan stock of New England, Daniel

Winthrop's heart was aflame with honest

Thus, one day in spring, just as the big ice barriers of winter had been swept away and the glorious waters of his loved river, rejoicing to be free, were once more rolling in their accustomed grandeur, Daniel Win-throp sat in the "best room" of his farm-house in council with his women folk. In his hand he held a letter, which a boy

had brought from a neighboring post-office "Yes," he said, in reply to the appealing looks of the ladies, as he hastily skimmed its contents; "it is from Harry, sure enough. Don't take on about it, mother; but he's done just what a Winthrop should do when his country calls on him; he's—" "Not enlisted!" Martha gasped, her face

"That is just what the high-spirited lad has done, God bless him!" the farmer chuckled. "Pshaw! Martha, I am astonished at you. What is shere to whimper about! It won't take more than a month or two to bring these stubborn rebs to their

He paused abruptly, for Kate Frobisham was standing before him with flashing eyes

and heaving besom.

"Captain Winthrop," she said, speaking more calmly for her suppressed passion, "let me retire before you have said what would make me forget all your kindness. This night I leave your house to return to my own people; do not make my parting more bitter than is necessary."

"Why, God bress my life," Winthrop stammered, "you don't mean to say that

stammered, "you don't mean to say that you are at heart a rebel—you, a gentle, lovable girl not six months out of school! The thins, is preposterous."
"I am a Scutherner," Kate said, quietly,

"and I never was so proud of the land of my birth as I am at this moment. The anest trooper in my brother's regiment in my syes, a here." And Harry; my boy, Harry?" the father

pleaded.
"Is no more to me, Captain Winthrop, than any other of the band of marauders whose ranks he has joined."
"Oh, Kate!" Nell sobbingly reprosched,

"and he loves you so!"

"And I loved him, Nell. Ah, God knows how I loved him," the girl acknowledged,

with tremulous lips.
"Then, surely you will-"

"Then, surely you will—"
"Nover of my own accord set eyes on him again. It is my one hope that I may be able to forget his cruelty and mourn for him as one who is dead."
"Hush, child, hush!" Martha Winthrop sed; "you do not know what you are

"Aye," added the Captain, soothingly.
"Do not say in haste, lass, what you will repent of at leisure. And, as for your going home, that is a matter which—"
"Is all provided for, sir."
"Eh, how so!"

"Eh, how so?"
There was a flush of indignant surprise as ne asked the question, for it was hard for him to believe that the girl he had thought worthy to be Harry's wife had deliberately laid her plans to return home without youchsafing a word of explanation to his famile. is asked the question. If I was a street to the control of the con

"A friend leaves for Cincinnati to-night who will give me his protection thus far; "Grov," Harry is saying, anxiously, "there some of my own people will meet me," what alls you this morning! Are you sick! "Yes," is the petulant reply; "sick to death of the life we are leading. I came to death of the life we are leading. I came to "Who, in the name of goodness, is taking out to (incinnati!" the old mas thundered.

Ere Katic's lips framed the reply she ast a little apologetic look at Mrs. Wincast a little apologetic look at Mrs. Win-throp and Neil, for the consciousness was strong within her that the revelation would

cost her their sympathy.

"Mr. Lecroix," she stammered, "has effered—that is I have asked him—in fact—"Winthrop broke in on her confusion.

"Alphonse Lecroix!" he exclaimed, while a start of pained surprise showed his wife's and daughter's damay.

and daughter's dismay.
"And why not!" Kate asked, with well-The question was too much for the old sailor, who rose abruptly and saild, with as much of a sneer as he could assume, for the good-natured Captain was not strong in

" So be it, then. It is natural that birds of a feather should flock together; but I little thought, Miss Frobisham, that I should

He colored crimson and paused, for after all the girl was his guest.
"To get rid of me!" Kate suggested, with

apparently unstrained composure.

The Captain disdained reply and left the room, almost rudely ignoring the hand she held out to him. Had he noticed the drooping eyelid and quivering lip which sud-



"AND WEY NOTP' BATE ASKED.

denly betrayed her deep emotion he might by a kind word, have opened the flood-gates of her emotion, but he was blind to every thing, and burned with a mad rage at wreng she had done his boy Harry.

The wrong done his boy Harry! Ay there was the rub. It was but natural th she should cleave to her own kin and be true to the associations of her childhood— nay, the Captain could even forgive her treason to the Union; for women, he argued, are emotional creatures, and "always side with the under-dog in the fight"—but that she should turn from him and his to the protection of Alphonse Lecroix was an outrage beyond his powers of silent endurance. Alphonse Lecroix! He detested this Al-

phonse Lecroix with an aversion which mew no bounds of reason; not that he had, when he came to analyse the situation, any just grounds for such strong antipathy against the young man, but he blindly based his contempt for him on general principles.

Alphonse Lecroix, who was stirring such a torrent of animosity in the Captain's heart, was a young French Canadian, residing in a neighboring village across the river, possessed of a small fortune which he had inherited from a penurious father. Fortune had been fairly generous to him, and nature had been more than prodigal in her favors. His was the ideal of a schoolher favors. His was the lical of a school-girl's type of manly beauty-black, curly hair; large, luminous dark eyes; regular features; teeth, which a Duchess might have envied; a soft, musical voice; a ten-der, sympathetic manner with women, and a lithe, active figure, whose every movement was grace itself.

Then, his doting father had given him a college advection, and though his accom-

Then, his doting lather had given him accomplishments were of the veriest veneer, he had acquired the art of making the most of the little he had learned—surely not such an objectionable personage after all. But his volatile manner clashed with Daniel Winthrop's staid views of life, and in the best of times, when Lecroix had been admitted at the Orchard House as a frequent guest, he had set him down as a "frivolous jackanapes;" but when the young man let slip indiscreet expressions of sympathy for the seceeders and evinced a too warm appreciation of Miss Frobisham's society, his wrath knew no bounds, and he had ordered his women-friends to close the door on "the infernal young copperhead."

Therefore, when from his retreat in the pliot-house he saw the Frenchman drive to his door and bear away the young lady, he might be forgiven the storm of imprecations which rose to his lips. One thing comforted him: neither his wife nor daughter appeared on the threshold to bid God-speed appeared on the threshold to bid bou-spect to the departing guest.

And Harry was coming home that night,

And Harry was coming nome that make the too. How could be meet his boy with this tale of sorrow? He would rather face the worst storm that ever raged on Lake Michigan than tell the poor lad that the girl he loved had been false to him.

loved had been false to him.

Nevertheless, in the gloam of the evening he went forth to meet his boy, intercepting him in the big meadow, where years ago he had taught him to fly his kite and shoot reed birds. As the buggy approached, he stopped the driver and said:

"Get down, Harry, and walk with me to the house. I have something to say to you."

Well might the father be proud of such a Well might the father be proud of such a son—tall, erect, the picture of animal strength, with a frank expression in his hundsome face which would be his passport wherever he went. Harry Winthrop was as fine a young fellow as you would meet with in a long day's march. But the old man only noticed the pallor in his boy's face and abrent from the blow he was about to be shrank from the blow he was about to in-

For a time they walked arm in arm in silence. The Captain found it so hard to

"Harry, boy," at last he gasped, "I have bead news for you—Kate Frobisham—you'll beay it like a man—she has—" bear it like a man—she has—''
''Yes, I know, dear old dad, she has gone

"But do you know with whom she has el"the Captain asked, in surprised anx-

"Yes, she wrote and told me she was ing with Lecroix. It seems as if she had given me up, doesn't it, dad?" "And you, my boy," the old man said, with lips tremulous with emotion, "have you the courage to show the girl that

"Trust in her to the last. Why, of course I have. Do I not love her, dad!"

CHAPTER IL

THE CLANG OF ARMS What fairer sight on earth is there than the rich valleys and blue mountains of Northern Virginia, when the golden sun spreads his mantle of glovy over them in the first blush of dawn, flashing scarlet streaks across the opal sky!

It is to such a scene that I must transport the reader.

The haze of the departing mists of night yet lingers in the lowland, while a small troop of cavalry under charge of a Lieuten-ant creeps cautiously, in Indian file, down the uncertain pathway formed by what in wanter is a torrent and is now a rugged strip of sand and pebbles winding down the billistle.

It is not difficult to recognize Henry Winthrop as the leading figure in the line of horsemen.

blessed chance of being popped off by one of Mosby's men at any moment."

"You'll have fighting enough before you are through, you young idiot," Harry said, sternly, but there was a kindly gleam in his eye, for Gordon Grey had been one of his pupils, and when the lad had run away and sulfisted he bud recovered his host hadron. uplis, and when the lad had run away and nlisted he had promised his heart-broken other that he would look after her boy. "We've been so long doing nothing," he boy complained. "What! with Buil Run, and—"

Gordon Grey interrupted him with a bit

"Aye, there was fun enough in running away. I wonder how your father swal-lowed that nauseous dose, Harry."
"Oh, Nell wrote me that he was pretty wild over it; volunteered to shoulder

musket, and drove mother into fits of de-spair by his martial ardor, but luckily for the peace of the family his age was against him, and he still has to stop at home and take care of the women."
"While we play hide and seek on these wild mountains with Mosby's fellows. This

not war; it is -- ' "Silence in the ranks! Halt!" The command cut off the boy's complaint, n a moment each horse and man was as

still as a statue.

The lad's querulousness was not alte the ma's querillouances was not agetter groundless; for, until Hooker's arrival, the cavalry had simply done duty in scouting and flanking. There had been a tedious time of drill when camped on Meridian Hill, a weary march through Alexidae. ridian Hill, a weary march through Alex-andria to Culpopper, monotonous winter quarters and a sharp engagement at Bran-dy Station. Their main duty had been skir-mishing and picketing, with occasional en-counters with Mosby's irregulars, for this extraordinary man had already made him-self famous as a guerrilla chief. Tales of his daring effrontery were told round the camp-fires with many exaggerations by men who believed he bore a charmed life. It seemed impossible to lay hands on him.

the bold skirmisher and prepared to chas-tise him, than they heard of another equally daring feat of his six miles away.

Leaping from his horse, the Lieutenant beckened Harry to follow him on foot to a cluster of trees from whose shelter they could command a view of the valley beneath

It seemed impossible to lay hands on him. Hardly had the Federal troops recovered from the astenishment of a rash attack of

What a sight met their gaze. A score of Moseby's men were fastening long wires to the rails of the Manassas railroad, which they had detached from the sleepers. Their object was apparent at a glance. Already in the distance could be heard the lumbering the distance could be heard the lumbering sound of an approaching supply train, and even as Harry looked, the Confederates had hidden in the neighboring bushes, wires it hand, ready for the derailing of the cars.

"Quick!" whispered Lieutemant Barclay "Send a trooper back to the command, "for, if our fellows charge up the valley, they will bag the lot of them."

In a minute, at Harry's bidding, Gordon Grey was dashing at headlong speed over the broken path.

Meanwhile the heavy train crept nearer to the fatal ambush. No need for conceal-

to the fatal ambush. No need for conceal-ment now. Though the leader knew that the woods were full of foes, the gallant little band rode recklessly down into the valley, but ers they could reach the scene of the disaster the doomed engine was flung from the rails, and the enemy was swarming over the broken cars, so intent on the work of plunder that they hardly noticed the charge

plunder that they hardly noticed the charge of the little troop of heroes, foremost of whom was Harry Winthrop.

It was an unequal contest and could have had but one ending when, with a wild cheer, a squadron of cavalry came thundering to the rescue. Mosby's men, as usual, when outnumbered, fled to the woods with the Federal troopers hard at their heels. One man of them, who had been a leading spirit at the train-wrecking, separated himself from the rest and boldly rode down the valley; and burying his spurs in his horse's flanks Harry Winthrop sped after him. Both pursuer and pursued were well-mount-ed, and nearly two miles were passed without any perceptible lessening or increas-ing difference of the hundred yards which separated them. Over and over again Harry could have brought the fleeing enemy down with his carbine, but he saw that the man had fired his last round of ammunition and was defenseless but for his sword, and he chivalrously recapture him on equal terms. And fortune favored him; for the Confederate's horse stumbled and fell, and in a minute the young Northerner had his hand on the throat and But his triumph was only momentary How or whence the blow came which struck



QUICE!" WHISPERED LIEUTENANT BARCLAY a dull thud, an intense pain as though his ead was bursting, and he fell senseless be-

The rest seemed to him like a dream. He had a blurred vision of a group of men standing around him, of a lady—aye, of Kate Frobisham herself—bending over him and bathing his brow, and then he relapsed into unconsciousness only to find himself lying on the rondside with his head resting on the arm of Gordon Grey.
. "Thank Heaven, he is not dead," Grey muttered, with a forver which showed the

strength of his attachme Harry's blue eyes gazed into the lad's face

"Kate," he murmured, in a faint whisper.

"Where is Kate!" "Where is Kate!"
"The Lord above only knows where
Kate is," the lad replied, in comical dismay;
"but II her presence would do you any good
I wish with all my heart she was here." Then, seeing that his eyes were closing again, he added, eagerly: "See hore, Harry, old fellow, this won't do. Try and

pull yourself together."
"But Kate-" "But Kate—"
"Nonsense, old boy; there's no Kate here. You've had a crack on the head from the Johnny Robs; that's all. Rouse yourself, man, and le' me get you on your horse, for we are a good three miles from camp, and — by Jove!" he broke off in a solitioquy, "it is singular, though, there's his horse tied to a fence close by, his accountrements and arms untouched, and himself laid carefully out on this mossy bank. It is deucedly gentlemanly of those fellows to knock the life out of the poor chap and then tuck him up so tenderly."

"Tell Kate to come once more -I want-'
"There he goes off in his delirium again
"There he goes off in his delirium again See here, Harry, we must get away. I can't lift your big carcass on to the horse, and the Rebs will gebble us up as sure as shooting if we fool around here much benear.

"Go! Leave me, boy," Harry mounted.
"Your mother-I promised-fly while you have the chance."

"Only with you, old man; so, if you don't want to see this dear youth in the hands of the Philistines, you'll just slake yourself to-gether and make an effort."

[TO BE CONTINUED.] ABOUT 5,000,000 pine apples are imported THE COMMONWEALTH.

ISAAC POWELL, of Millersburg, while scuffling with one of his farm hands a few days ago, got his right leg pulled out of place at the hip joint. He is in a dangerous condition, as the leg may have to amputated

THE President has pardoned W. T. El lington, who was convicted, in the District of Kentucky, in October last, of violating nternal revenue laws, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$500. The pardon takes effect on the 15th instant.

T. L. GLOVER, an insurance agent of Louisville, attempted suicide with morphine the other afternoon. He had lost money on the election, and was behind with his books, and could not stand the exposure which resulted from a visit from the company's inspector, which occurred that day. He will recover.

VERNON LAMBERT, the ten-year-old-boy who was accidentally shot at Lexington by his playmate, Tasker Polk, aged twelve, some time ago, died from the ef-fects of the wound on the 6th.

THE celebrated two-year-old Kentucky Volunteer, who was thought to be in a dying condition from the effects of spins neningitis, is now recovering rapidly, an the veterinary attending on him pro-nounces him out of danger. Kentucky Volunteer has a two-year-old record of 2:35, and is valued at \$10,000.

JUDGE W. H. McBRAYER, the distiller, of Lawrenceburg, who was stricken with paralysis some days ago, is dead. JOHN GARRITY fell from a moving freigh

train at Hopkinsville, and received inter nal injuries. MRS. POLLY CUNNINGHAM, aged ninety three, died near Clintonville, a few days

sincs.

JOHN BELL, a negro, wrs arrested a Franklin, for assassination. Work progresses on the Ohio Valley railroad between Princeton and Hopkins-ville regardless of the hostile action of the

JOHN C. RUTTER has been appointed postmaster at Hampton, Livingston Coun ly, vice J. H. Rutter, resigned. A POST-OFFICE has been established at

Mathews, Breckinridge County, Joseph C. Mathews, postmaster. S. K. Moore has been appointed post naster at Home, Pike County, vice Jas. H. Remines, resigned.

JOHN R. MOORE succeeds Edward R Moore as postmaster at Mooresville Washington County. THE new postmaster at Mount Hermo

County, is Joseph W. Curtis, vice Jas. H. Gee. AUGUST E. WILLSON, Esq., of Louisville, is slated for District Attorney of Ken-tucky under the Harrison Administration B. F. COCKRELL, of Montgomery County

has received the Democratic nomination for the State Senate in the Twenty-eight District, comprising the counties of Bour bon, Clark and Montgomery. Mr. Cock rell will have time to meet all the voter in the district, as the election does not occur until August, 1889. Tur Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company has erected a handsome nev

depot at Pineville.

THE last rail and tie has been laid on the Georgetown extension of the Versailles and Midway railroad. At Lexington Ben White was given

two years in the penitentiary killing a negro named Price. THE following Kentuckians were granted ensions on the 6th: Harry Druers, Antioch; Jas. W. Matlock, Barbourville; Absolem R. Mainous, Buck Creek; John C. Cogle, Maywood; Edmond Burton, Danville: Howard Warren, Nina; Charles Marshall, Greensburg; Thos. B. Hudson, Albany Landing; Newton S. Dickerson Seventy Six; Wm. Smith, Albany; Joh M. Williams, Craloo; Bridget, widow of Edward O'Malley, Louisville; Catharine, widow of Jno. S. Holmes, Covington.

"OLD MAMMA" PULLEN, formerly a se vant of ex-Sheriff B. F. Fullen, died at Paris, a few days ago, at the remarkable age of 113 years. She was born on the retained her mental faculties until the day of her death. She could read without glasses.

Tun jury in the case of Harper Jordan on trial at Clarksville, for killing John Nolan, returned a verdict of murder in the

THREE children, who had been locked in the house while their mother went visiting, were Lurned to death near Lexing-Ar Hopkinsville, Rev. Mr. Williams be

tized, by immersion in a mill-pond, 122 persons in seventy minutes, thus breaking he record. THE body of George Crawford, a colored

man, missing from Covington for several days, was found back of that city. It is thought he died from exposure.

AT Fairview, Sam Finch was shot in the breast and arm and fatally wounded, but by whom is not known, as the difficulty ocurred outdoors and a number of shots

THERE was a lively fight of a few moments' duration at the ground where the new shops for the Southern railroad are building in Ludlow the other morning. A number of white and colored laborers are employed in assisting the masons and carpenters, and as they work in somewhat separate gangs, the blacks by themselves, the color line soon became sharply drawn and created bad feelings, which resulted as above stated. Thos. Hawson, a white man was cut in the wrist with a razor and bled freely. Henry Green, colored, was struck on the head with a pick, and received a serious wound. Several others on both sides were more or less burt.

THE first train over the Louisville, St. Louis and Texas railroad made the trip from Louisville to Owensboro and return on the 3d, bearing the chief officials of the road and a party of invited guests.

DAYY CHOCKETT, colored, was shot and killed at Middleton, Simpson County, a few evenings ago. Crockett and Mrs. Docie Bell, who left her husband some time ago, were enjoying a tete-a-tete in Dr. Naley's kitchen. Some unknown party fired through the window, with the above

At Mt. Vernon, James Fraser met Lee shot him dead. Fraser claims that Carter had been criminally intimate with Mrs. Fraser. Two years ago Carter had a fight with Tom and Jack Moore and killed both of them. He had been recently acquitted.
A NEGRO named Tom Brown was arrest-

ed, at Lexington, for outraging a tenyear-old girl. THE following Kentucky pensions have been granted: Original invalid—Wm. B. King, South Carrollton: Nimrod Shirley, Frederick Heath, Caneyville Restoration and reissue--Emanuel A. Richards, Louisvilla. Increase—Patrick Ponders, Faimouth; Samuel Combs, Mar-

row's. Reissue-John Gentry, Cromwell; Winfield S. Johnson, Greenville; Reuben Frazier, Tompkinsville; Eli Marlow, Wil-MRS. MARGARET WYATT attempted to commit suicide near Fredonia, by swallowing a large dose of morphine.

JESSE ATCHISSON was sentenced at Lexington to fourteen years' Imprisonment in the penitentiary for murder. THE DAIRY.

-A safe rule in feeding calves is to give just what they will lick up clean -and no more. It is also a good rule to apply to horses, cows, pigs, sheep and chickens.-Prairie Farmer.

-Do not stint the calf, if you expect to make a good cow out of it. You can get a calf into the habit of eating or not eating as you like, or more proper ly speaking you can impair the digest ive apparatus or strengthen it according as you choose to feed .- Western

-In the process of keeping or ma turing the cream, the flavor of the butter is developed. The process of ripening should stop short of souring; sefore souring the cream should be churned, for if actually allowed to sour it is imposible to make from it the highest quality butter. - American Dairyman.

-It has been shown in public ad iresses, in printed matter, in various forms, all freely pressed upon the pub lie, that it has been and is not more than half the labor to make good, high priced butter, that it has been or is to make this bad. low priced compound called butter. - Western Rural.

THE WINTER DAIRY.

A Correct Estimate of Its Advantages and Requirements.

Any enterprise out of the common but well managed, and having for its object some product in staple demand, is certain to be profitable. Rearing early lambs for spring sales is such an enterprise; forcing strawberries, the cutting of water-cress, and many other special products, have all realized satisfactory profits. But the winter dairy is an industry in which a staple product is produced at a season when it is scarce and rarely of good quality, and when every part of the accessory farm work can be done more easily and cheaply than at any other time. Cows have to be fed in winter, anybow; the dairy calls for much in-door work; it is easier to keep the milk warm in this season than to cool it in summer; there is leisure from field work, which

presses in the summer; good butter brings a double price in winter; and the cows that are yielding butter at this season are at their vacation in the summer, when they can be turned to pasture and require no care that will interfere with the cultivation of the erops. A winter dairy and the culture of valuable market crops go nicely together, and furnish regular and easy employment through the whole year. The patient housewife gives undivided attention to her house and garden and her pet poultry; worries over no sour milk, nor frets in the stifling heat over the churs, with all its summer difficulties; but enjoys the genial season and prepares with comfort for the much easier man agement of the dairy. when no other employments interfere provements of the dairy are well adapted for winter use, and the cheap and simple ordinary milkpans are all that can be desired at the season when the cheaper fuel can be used for warmth easier than the dearer ice for

with it. The convenient modern imthe purpose of cooling. For feeding cows in a winter dairy there is no better food than clover hay, well cured corn fodder; and earn meal and bran. There is too much risk in feeding silage of sacrificing the quality of the butter. The stable must be warm, light, airy, and arranged so as to secure perfect cleanliness. Pure water from a well and never to be given cooler than fifty degress, is indispensable. Some succulent food is desirable. Pumpkins are specially useful in a winter dairy, and mangels are the best roots. Turnips are not admissible. To warm the water is waste of labor when a good deep well is available; good feeding and robust health will keep the cows warm enough,

but the stable should never be so cold that the manure will freeze in it. Carding the cattle keeps the skin in good condition, and helps to maintain the vital warmth. - N. Y. Tribunc.

WINTER FEEDING.

How to Secure Large Quantities of Good Milk in Cold Weather. Milch cows require extra feeding in winter time to keep up a generous flow of milk. During this season, even with the most careful feeding, the quantity of milk is most sure to diminish, but the milk is richer. And so we see the winter butter-dairies run without loss, while those who supply milk to customers fall short in their supply and lose money, although the cus-tomers are benefited by the better quality of the milk. And just here is where the dishonest milk producers would equalize matters by diluting with water. There is better help for this loss, however, than this dishonest dilution-selling water at good milk prices. This is done by judicious feeding. The following daily rations will keep up both the quantity and quality of the milk. We give not quite max mum figures; the quantity may be slightly increased or diminished, cording to circumstances: Corn fodder, fifteen pounds, or twelve pounds of hay, to which may be added five or six pounds of good straw; corn meal four pounds, and to this it would be well to add four pounds of wheat or rye bran. When the fodder, hay or other forage is of indifferent quality, about two pounds of cotton-seed meal should be used, which will make up

for the deficiency in the fodder. The milk produced by such feeding is rich in cream, and the skimmed milk has great density, and is rich in color and flavor. Where it is not convenient to procure cotton-seed meal, corn meal and mill feeds may be used with advantage. Three pounds of corn meal and the same of coarse bran or mid dlings will make a rich food for a cow, given with hay, corn fodder or even

with good straw.

But for the winter, the great resource of the dairyman is the root crop. A few hundred bushels of mangels or sugar beets are of remarkable value, and if a half bushel daily be given, and if a half bushed daily be given, chopped up finely, or pulped up in a machine made for the purpose, with hay or fodder cut fine and all well mixed t ge her, the yield of milk will not out, be greatly increased, but the health and digestion of the animal will be preserved.—Cor. Farm and Fireside.

-A Berlin scientist says sait is con-

Exertions familiar with Ayer's Almanac knows that it is much indre than a mere vehicle for advertising the medicinal preparations of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass. it is really one of the most welcome and valued of annuals. And now we have to acknowledge the receipt of a neatly-bound presentation volume of the Almanac for 1889, containing copies in English and nine other languages, also specimen pages and pamphleta in eleven additional tongues—in all, twenty-one languages. From the preface to this interesting book, we learn that between thirteen and fourteen million almanacs are issued by this company annually, consuming about twenty-five miles of paper a day. Surely, with all this and other advertising it should be inexcusable in any one not to know the superior merits of Ayer's Saranaparilla and other standard remedies. Ayer's Almanac for 1889, in its usual attractive form, is now ready at the drug stores.—Southern Tribune.

Tax man whose eyes are wide open in seeing the faults of others, and scarcely open at all in seeing his own faults, is very sure to commit two mistakes—one in not correctly judging of others and the other in not correctly judging of binaself. Such a man is apt to be a sort of nuisance in every circle in which he moves.—N. Y.

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